

(A)

GREEN
BLADDER
PRODUCTION

IVOR

THE ANARCHIST

COMIC BOOK NO. 2

20P

CO-STARRING



IVOR IN AFRICA?

The address to write to is : John Green, 6/3 West Granton Grove, Edinburgh.
EH4 4JF , SCOTLAND. U.K.

This issue is dedicated to Phil Silvers.

THE IDIOTORIAL!!

Hello there fellow turdeaters and welcome to the second issue of this here comickbook. I know last time we said there'd be a review space and a letters page but there isn't enough room, so tough!!

The response to our last issue was really good so I hope you'll all let us know what you think of this issue.

The reason it's taken so long to get this out to you is basically John's alcoholism. Mind you it didn't help when Mick ran off to America to draw for DC Comics. Anyway enough of this twaddle, enjoy the comic and I'll be seeing you.

Love, peace and comix

from
THE RUBBER MAN.

THANK AND HELLO TO :- Crammy(It's time to die amigo!), Deek(Ye turd!) Allam, Murph(Don't fuck with the Wongs!), THE DEGENERATES, everyone who goes to OI POLLOI gigs, Mike(ALARM fam), Rab, Rattus Nigra, Guw, Gaw, Colin, Billy(the Goth), Gilliam,, Ozzy, Luci, Liza(the psychedelia), Laura, Tanya, Nicki(of the Welsh horses), Nicki(James Deam fam), Theresa(Miss Peanut Butter), Jill(mental hard!!), Steve and A.O.A., Hogg, Boggy, Deek, CONSTANT STATE, Captain Crass, SELF DESTRUCT(R.I.P.), Elaine, ANNE, Mandy, Wende, Debs, Spider, Bog-chain, Paul Speakman, The spirit of Terry Thomas, Chris(I'm Angry) Low, George, Kew, Paul(Cleveland), Kew 22, Paul May, "Flipside", "Max.R'm'R", CRASS, CONFLICT, SUBHUMANS, ICONS OF FILTH, SAD SOCIETY, Rodney and Linda, all the Bladder Boys, Animal, Bill, all GOD TOLD ME TO DO IT fans, Gray, Caroline, our families, Davy hardcore, Davie(ex-DISTEMPER), THE APOSTLES, Rich Humour, Seam Faction, Graham ("Crash Course"), Crag(T-shirts), Brian(badges), Pressgang(printing), Sik o' War, Tez, Hammy, Fast Fiction, Tim(C.O.R.), Simon("Sparse"), MEMBRANES, Higgs, TOXIC WASTE, Dom, Pierre, Rene and all the Boogins crew, Lol and Lomice, Bazzy, Dig Keith and Dena, Fif, Viz Comics, Alan, Phil Hedgehog, Matthew, Robin, Mo, Set, STUPIDS, Mary(U.S.A.), Dave DEFORMED, Shane, Dave O'Bryne, James BZAG, Shane and Phil(Manic Ears), Goran, Seal, Muz, Jason, MARTIAL LAW, Donny, Steve Vagabond, Mick Slaughter, Pete Scott, Craig(Treblinka Records), James Pax, Jamesy and all the Beal crew, Fraggie, Andy "Burnt Out", Tomto, DISORDER, HATES, Swift Nick, Kenny, Scrapheap, John(Bradford), Jess, Noah Fence, every zine that's ever reviewed or featured Ivor, Rut, Corny, Geo, Elog, Simon, Scruff, Boo, Ollie, everyone who helped sell the last issue or bought it and everyone who helps sell this one or buys it, sorry if we've forgotten you - it's probably 'cos we're such bastards!!!

THE STORY SO FAR...(Why didn't you buy the last issue you cheapskate!!) Ivor forms a band and calls it THE VOMIT ENCRUSTED CHIP BUTTIES. After one practice they start gigging - much to the horror of the public!! They visit a studio, record a demo and release a single "Fuck Everybody who Voted Tory!!" on NO FUN records. The single is a smash hit and the band have the misfortune of being interviewed by Garry Bastoid and appearing on Top Of The Pops.

Whilst back on the road, a mysterious figure with magical powers calling himself "The Spirit of Punk Past" makes his appearance and saves our heroes from the badies(the police silly!!). Their manager? Mr. Fatman, gets them to go on a TV chat show and Mart causes quite a stir by suggesting that Conservative MPs aren't all that honest!! Now read on.....(Exciting isn't it?).

"Ivor the Anarchist" comicbook is an amateur, non-profit-making magazine.
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LIVOR THE ANARCHIST

CREDIT CARD	
SCRIPT	ART
JOHN GREEN	MICK BLADDER

HAVING CAUSED HAVOC IN THE T.V. STUDIOS, OUR HEROES MAKE THEIR EXIT ONLY TO FIND

HERE THEY COME... IS IT TRUE, MART, THAT YOU ARE A GAY COMMIE WHO HAS SYMPATHIES WITH THE CRAZY WORKING CLASSES... OFF!

OUT OF MY WAY, WE AINT GONNA TALK TO YOU! YOU'LL PRINT YOUR OWN VERSION NO MATTER WHAT WE SAY!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN WHEN YOU SAY THE POLICE ARE THE MOST EVIL THING SINCE THE TAB REICHER?

WHY ARE YOU DISSATISFIED WITH THIS GREAT COUNTRY WHY DONT YOU FUCH OFF TO RUSSIA!

BASICALLY WE ARE WORKING TOWARDS A WORLD WHERE PEOPLE CAN BE THEMSELVES AND BE WHAT THEY WANT TO WITHOUT THE FEAR OF BEING RIDICULED OR VICTIMISED BY THOSE WHO ARE STRONGER.

©86 GREEN BLADDER - CHEERS TO CRAMMY!

NEXT DAY IN THE GUTTER PRESS

THE SCUM

DIRTY SMELLY PUNKS WANT ANARCHY

MINER TO BE SHOT ON SIGHT

LADY TO SUE FOR DIVORCE SHOCK

SECRETS OF THOSE SEXY VICARS

ELSEWHERE TROUBLE IS BREWING

THESE VOMIT ENCRUSTED CHIP-BUTTIES ARE SLIPPERY CUSTOMERS ALRIGHT, THEY TERMINATED TWO OF MY FINEST MEN WHILE IN THE EXECUTION OF THEIR DUTIES AND THE SPIRIT OF PUNK PASTS USING EM TO TRY TO GET PEOPLE TO ACTUALLY THINK!

YES! THATS WHY I'VE BEEN ASSIGNED, AT ALL COSTS THE POPULATION MUST BE STOPPED FROM THINKING, OR THEY'LL REALISE HOW MUCH THEY'RE BEING CONNED, WE'RE NOT DEALING WITH NORMAL RESPECTABLE FOLKS, THEY KNOW THE TRUTH AND SO MUST BE DESTROYED

REMEMBER A PUNK IS A MINOR IN A MINORITY HAS NO RIGHTS

AN AIRPORT

I THINK ITS BEST THAT YOU BOYS LEAVE THE COUNTRY FOR A WHILE, YOU UPSET QUITE A FEW IMPORTANT PEOPLE. ANYWAY YOU'LL ENJOY AFRICA, MY FRIEND NELSON KTWANGA WILL LOOK AFTER YOU ALL!

THIS LOOKS GOOD I'LL HAVE TO LEARN TO LEAD ONE DAY!

YEAH, SUITS ME I'LL GIVE US TIME TO SING AN L.P. TOGETHER.

I HATE AIR PORTS

LATER IN AFRICA

GREETINGS, OH MIGHTY CHIP-BUTTIES FROM THE LAND OF MUCH RAIN AND NO WORK FOR NELSON KTWANGA OF THE SHUVA TRIBE

CUT THE TOURIST WHERE CAN I GET A PINT OF CIDER!

GLAD TO MEET YOU, IM MART, THE PART, WELL KNOWN INTERNATIONAL TERRORIST!

WHERE'S ALL THE LIONS, EH?

CHAO

DEATH

OI POLLO!

BACK IN THE NASTY U.K.

I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE THE GROUP IS, AND IF I DID I WOULDN'T TELL YOU, I'VE INVESTED HEAVILY IN THOSE LADS, I KNOW MY RIGHTS, I DONT HAVE TO SAY A WORD!

NOW LISTEN, YOU HIPPIY BASTARD, IF YOU DONT TELL ME WHERE YOUR SUBVERSIVE SCOUNDRELS, I'LL HAVE MY MEN TEAR OFF YOUR LEGS AND HIT YOU WITH THE SONGY EADS, GET IT!

WELL, IF YOU PUT IT THAT WAY, ITS MY DUTY AS A RESPONSIBLE CITIZEN TO COOPERATE, THEY'RE IN AFRICA

IN NELSON KTWANGA'S HOUSE

SO WHAT KIND OF MUSIC ARE YOU GOING TO UNLEASH UPON THE EARS OF THE WORLD?

I DONT CARE AS LONG AS ITS SHIT-KICKING AND HEAVY AS HELL

WE'VE GOT TO TAKE ALL OUR INFLUENCES AND MAKE MUSIC THATS CATCHY, ALSO WITH A MESSAGE, BUT THATS NOT BLAND OR JUST A NOISE!

ITS GOT TO BE PUNK AND HAVE LOTS OF SWEARING IN IT

I HATE AFRICA

ITS GOT TO BE NOISY OR ITS NOT PUNK, YA GIT!

CHAO

BACK AT THE AFRICAN AIRPORT

RIGHT, YOU BLACK, SOCIALIST BASTARD, TELL ME STRAIGHT HAVE YOU SEEN THESE HIGHLY DANGEROUS PEOPLE RECENTLY!

CUSTOMS YES-SIR, I DO RECALL THAT HAIRCUT, I THINK THEY'RE GUESTS OF NELSON KTWANGA!

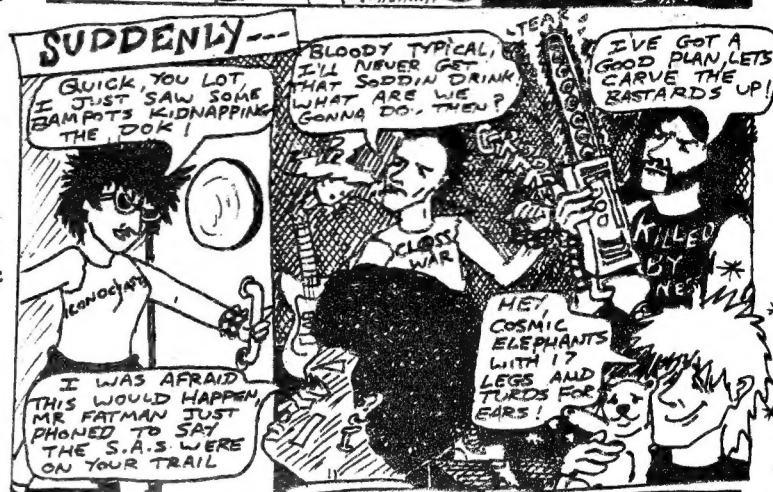
NELSON KTWANGA, EH, SOUNDS LIKE A SUBVERSIVE IF I EVER HEARD ONE, RIGHT, WE'LL HAVE THAT BASTARD AS WELL THEN!

TO BE CON...

IVOR THE ANARCHIST

©85 GREEN/BLADDER NO 13
LYRICS ©85 DEEK ALLAN (D' POLLO)

CREDIT CARD	
SCRIPT	ART
JOHN GREEN	MICK BLADDER





IVOR THE ANARCIST

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CREDIT CARD	
SCRIPT	ART
JOHN GREEN	MICK BLADDER

OUR HEROES ARE STILL IN AFRICA AND PRISONERS OF THE SAS.



ELSEWHERE IVOR DISCOVERS THAT (SURPRISE SURPRISE) HE'S NOT DEAD



SUDDENLY....





IVOR

THE ANARCHIST

CREDIT CARD	
SCRIPT	ART
JOAN GREEN	MICK BLADDER

THE VOMIT ENCRUSTED CHIP BUTTIES ARE LEAVING AFRICA AFTER DEFEATING THE S.A.S.



LATER OUR LOVABLE BUT ANARCHIC HEROES ARRIVE BACK ON BRITISH SOIL...



ON THE WAY...



FINALLY AT CRUISE MISSILE RECORDS HEAD OFFICE



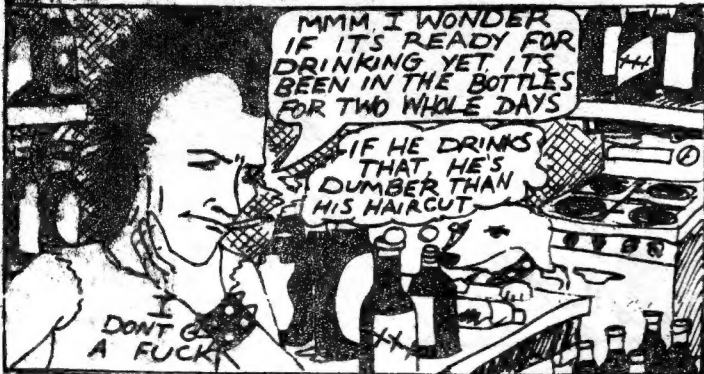
IVOR THE ANARCHIST

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SCRIPT	ART
JOHN GREEN	MICK BLADDER

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IN THE TERROR OF THE HOMEBREW BEAST

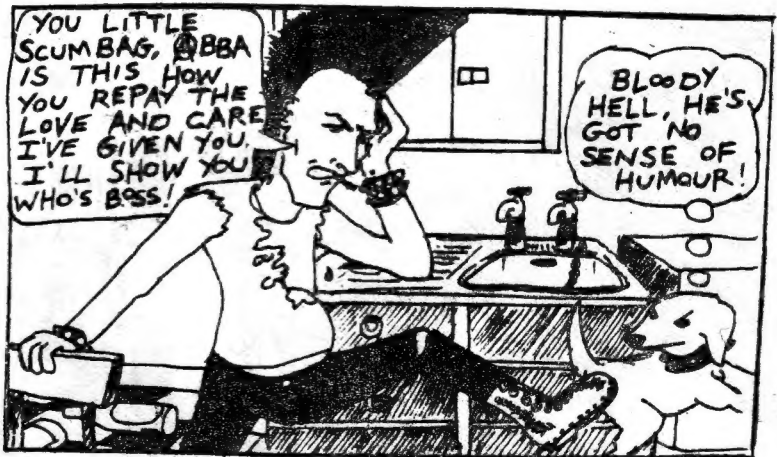
TO SAVE MONEY, IVOR HAS PUT HIS HAND TO PRODUCING HOME BREW BEER



USING HIS REMAINING 1/3 BRAIN CELLS, IVOR SWIFTLY COMES TO A DECISION



TWO DAYS LATER



BUT, DEAR READER, THE MIXTURE OF HOME BREW AND DOG FOOD HAVE A DRAMATIC EFFECT



IVOR IS TRANSFORMED INTO A PSYCHOPATHIC BOOZE LUSTING HOME BREW MONSTER-EVEN STUPIDIER THAN HE WAS BEFORE....



ELSEWHERE



AT S.A.S H.Q.





WITH A MIGHTY

ZAP POW

ENTERS

THE INCREDIBLY MORONIC + VULNERABLE SUPER-PUNK

WHO'S THIS MARVEL COMICS REJECT? IS IT A BIRD, IS IT A PLANE! AW SHIT IT'S SUPER PUNK!

FEAR NOT, INNOCENT CITIZENS OF THE UNITED KINGDOM COMPANY, I WILL SAVE YOU FROM THIS EVIL ALCOHOLIC MENACE

BANG WALLOP SMASH WELCO



LATER BACK AT IVORS HOUSE

HEY, MART, LOOK HE'S TURNED BACK TO NORMAL! HE'S NEVER BEEN NORMAL! (HOW YA FEELING IVOR!)

NOT SO BAD THAT HOME BREW IS PRETTY GOOD STUFF, BUT I THINK I'LL LAY OFF THE DOG FOOD IN FUTURE!

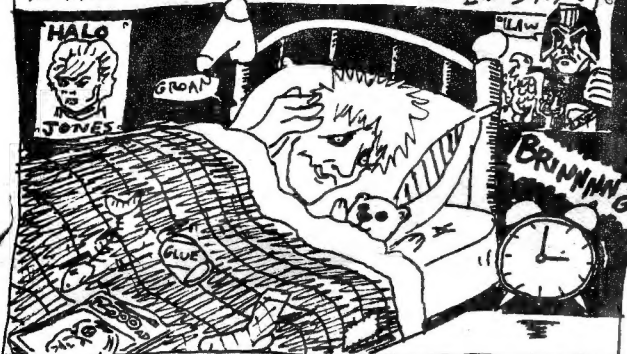


A DAY IN THE ^{WASTED} LIFE OF MART

A DELVE INTO MARTS DIARY BY MICK BLADDER

MART IS
A REGISTERED
TRADE MARK
OF THE MICKY
GRAND/BLADDER
CORPORATION!

3:00.... AWAKE REFRESHED AND READY
TO FACE THE CHALLENGE OF THE NEW DAY!



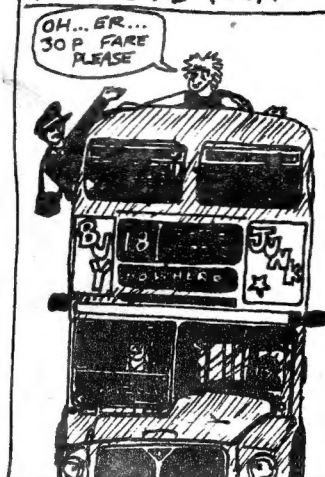
3.30, A NOURISHING BREAKFAST



4:00 - FIRST GLUE OF
THE DAY...



7:00COME ROUND



7.15...Go BORROWING CASH



7.30, HOME VIA HARDWARE SHOP



7.45, GUITAR PRACTISE



7.50 MORE GLUE FOR CONCENTRATION



8:00 SET OFF
NIGHTCLUBBING



10:00 ARRIVE



10:00 - LET IT ALL HANG OUT



11:30 STAGGER HOME
FOR AN EARLY NIGHT
READY TO DO IT
ALL AGAIN TOMORROW



PUNKENSTEIN!

IT IS A SUNNY DAY, WHEN A YOUNG COUPLE ARE OUT, ENJOYING THE SPLENDOR OF THE COUNTRYSIDE...

OH, DAVID. IT'S SO NICE HERE, SO PEACEFUL, DON'T YOU THINK?

YES, LAURA, NOTHING COULD POSSIBLY HAPPEN HERE TO SPOIL OUR FUN!

ART
RICHO.H.
SCRIPT
JOHN
GREEN.

BUT, UNKNOWN TO OUR TWO LOVEBIRDS, SOMETHING INDEED IS ABOUT TO SPOIL THEIR FUN...

ON DAMN!! I'VE GOT A FEELING THAT THEY ARE GOING TO STEAL MY CAR.

BUT FRANK, I THOUGHT YOU'D LOST YOUR LICENCE?

DAVID, DARLING, WHAT ARE THOSE TWO MEN DOING WITH YOUR CAR?

SHUT UP YOU IDIOT! YOU DON'T NEED A LICENCE WHEN YOU'RE STEALING CARS, DOLT!!

SCREECH!

OH DAVID, WHAT ARE WE TO DO? MY AGEING, CRIPPLED, DYING MOTHER IS BOUND TO WORRY, WE'LL HAVE TO GET TO A PHONE.

DON'T WORRY, THERE'S A CASTLE ABOUT HERE SOME PLACE WE'LL GO THERE, THEY SHOULD HAVE A PHONE!

MY GOD, THOSE BASTARDS HAVE STOLEN MY CAR. HOW ON EARTH ARE WE GOING TO GET HOME?

AFTER A LONG WALK ALONG THE COUNTRYSIDE, GETTING LOST SEVERAL TIMES IN THE PROCESS, DAVID AND LAURA FINALLY ARRIVE AT THE CASTLE

OF COURSE IT'LL BE SAFE. WE ONLY WANT TO USE THEIR PHONE. NOTHING CAN POSSIBLY HAPPEN TO US HERE

DO YOU THINK THIS PLACE WILL BE SAFE TO GO TO, DAVID? IT LOOKS A BIT STRANGE TO ME

BLOODRICHEN CASTLE

AFTER TAPPING THE DOOR FOR A COUPLE OF HOURS, IT IS EVENTUALLY OPENED

YESSS, WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?

WELL, YOU MIGHT AS WELL COME IN. I'LL HAVE TO ASK THE MASTER. IF WE'VE GOT A PHONE OR NOT, HE WON'T LET ME NEAR MACHINERY

HI! I'M DAVID DORKATSKI AND THIS IS MY FIANCÉE, LAURA PRUDEFACE. WE WERE HAVING A PICNIC UP THE ROAD WHEN SOMEBODY STOLE MY CAR. DO YOU HAVE A PHONE WE COULD USE?

GOD, IT'S SO HARD TO GET DECENT SCRAMBLES NOWADAYS. HE'LL HAVE TO GO!!!

PAUL, I'M SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, BUT I'M A BIT HUNGRY AND GENERALLY FAB DR. PUNKENSTEIN. WE HAVE VISITORS. THEY WANT TO KNOW IF WE HAVE A PHONE THEY COULD USE?

SHUT UP, BUNCHUM, YOU PISS POOR EXCUSE FOR A LIVING ORGANISM. WHAT ARE THE VISITORS LIKE, DO THEY HAVE GOOD BODIES?

THEY HAVE ADEQUATE BODIES, MASTER. THEY'D BE USEFUL FOR YOUR EXPERIMENTS AND, AHEM, PERHAPS I COULD HAVE ANY SPARE PARTS YOU'LL HAVE NO USE FOR? (YUM)

VERY WELL YOU SMELLING PIECE OF SHIT. TAKE THEM TO THE GUEST ROOM AND KUSTLE UP SOME FOOD. TELL THEM I'LL GIVE THEM THE PLEASURE OF MEETING ME, LATER

SO, BUNCHUM TAKES OUR HEROES TO THE GUEST ROOM...

SIT DOWN, THE MASTER WILL BE WITH YOU PRESENTLY. WOULD YOU LIKE SOMETHING TO EAT?

I RIGHT AS WELL FATTEN THEM UP, MEN! MEN!

DON'T YOU HAVE A PHONE WE COULD USE? I MEAN, WE DON'T WANT TO BE UNGRATEFUL OR ANYTHING BUT WE'D LIKE TO BE ON OUR WAY

WHO DID THE PAINTINGS, THEY'RE A BIT STRANGE, AREN'T THEY?

FINALLY, WHILST EATING A HORRIBLE MEAL, THEY GET TO MEET PUNKENSTEIN

HELLO, MY NAME IS DR. VON PUNKENSTEIN. I AM A GENIUS. GLAD TO MEET YOU. THE PLEASURE IS ALL YOURS

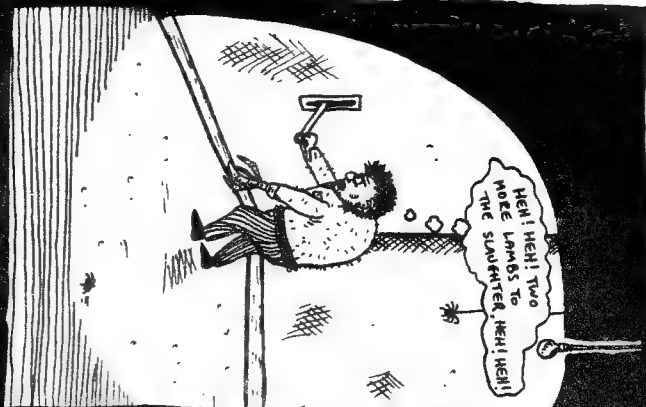
DO YOU HAVE A PHONE WE COULD USE? YOU SEE, OUR CAR HAS BEEN STOLEN...

I'M AFRAID WE DON'T HAVE SUCH MODERN APPLIANCES AS A PHONE HERE BUT YOU'RE WELCOME TO STAY THE NIGHT. THE MILKMAN WILL BE HERE IN THE MORNING. I'M SURE HE'LL GIVE YOU A LIFT TO THE VILLAGE

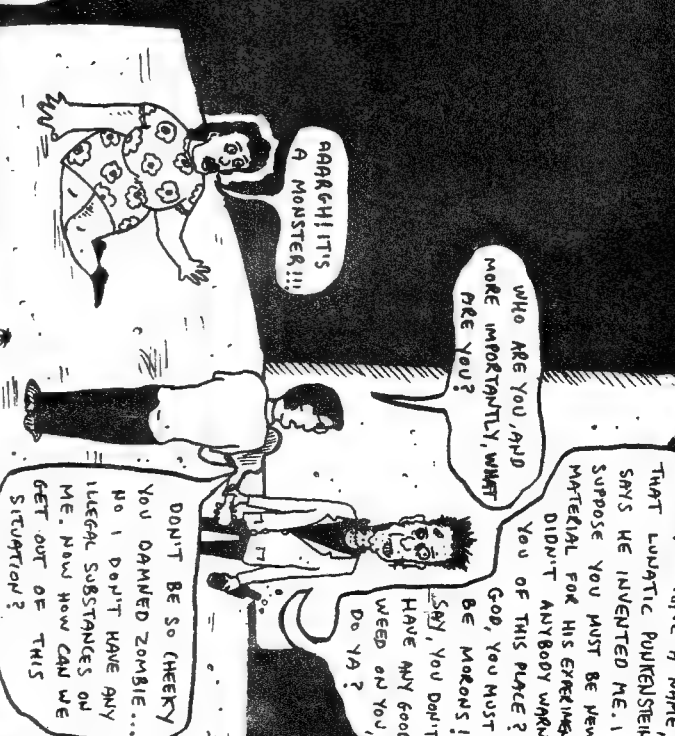
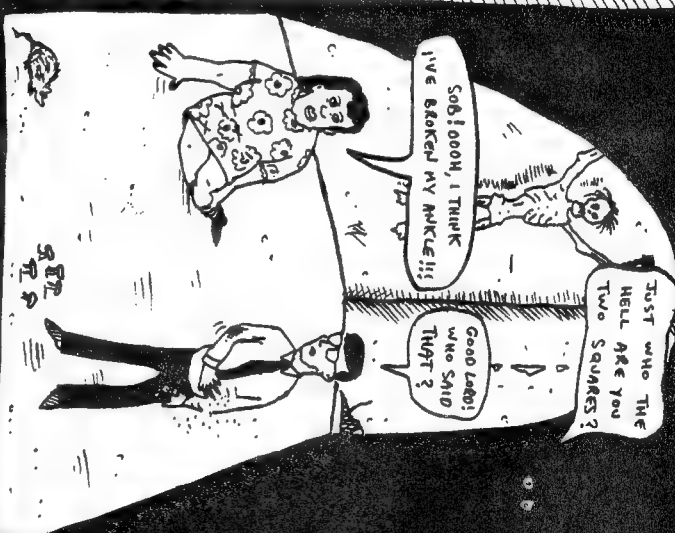
WHAT IS THIS SHIT?? TASTES LIKE ROTTEN PORK!!

SEEMS OK TO ME...

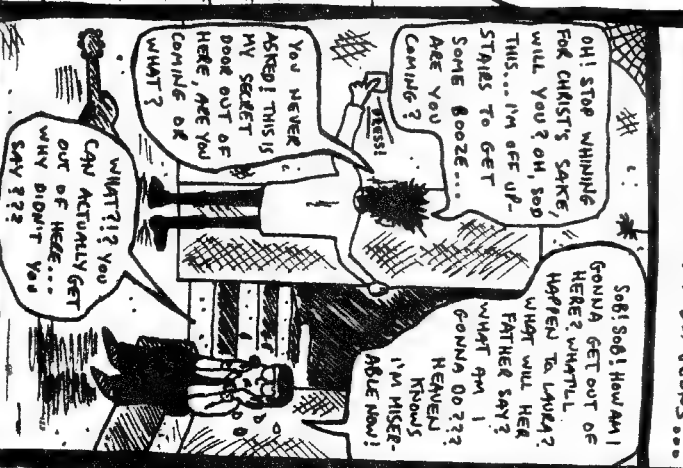
MEANWHILE, UNKNOWN TO OUR HEROES, BUNCHUN IS UP TO NO GOOD...



THE FLOOR BENEATH LAURA AND DAVID GIVES WAY



UPSTAIRS, AT THE LABORATORY...



FIVE MINUTES LATER...

BACK IN THE DREARY DUNGEONS...



WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME YOU FUCKING LUNATIC? I AM ALL FURRY AND I'VE GOT FOUR ARMS... IS THIS SOME KIND OF PERFECTED JOKE?

NO, IT'S NO JOKE MY DEAR... YOU ARE TO BE THE DEWMAN FOR MY HOUSTON FOUR BAND. I'LL SHOW YOU HOW TO MANUFACTURE A BAND!



GREAT! A BOTTLE OF VODKA... I THINK I'LL HAVE A LITTLE DRINKY-POOS

BLOOD RICHEN KITCHENS

NO, WE CAN'T STOP FOR A DRINK YOU BUFFOON. MY FIANCEE IS IN MORNAL, I MEAN MORTAL DANGER!!!



GOOD LORD LARDA, WHAT HAVE THEY DONE TO YOU?

IT'S NOT AS BAD AS IT LOOKS... AFTER A SHAVE & A DOZEN OPERATIONS I'LL BE AS GOOD AS NEW!

WHAT ON EARTH DO YOU TWO THINK YOU ARE DOING? GO BACK TO YOUR CELL AT ONCE!

LET'S HAVE A PARTY! HAS ANYBODY GOT ANY OJUS... OH, EVEN BETTER, A 'RAMONES' RECORD?



AAARGHHH! LEAVE ME ALONE!!! PLEASE! PLEASE!

COME HERE DAMNIT!!! DO YOU STILL LOVE ME?

ON NO! YOU FOOL! YOU'VE BETTER THE GISHOZZETED... WE'RE DOOMED! WHERE'S THAT IDIOT, BURNING?

IN THE MORNING...



AT LAST! YOU'RE HERE! WHAT THE HELL YOU DOING? UMPEF!!!

THAT'S FOR ALL THE TIMES YOU DOCKED MY PAY, YOU BASTARD!

HEEEELPPPPP!!!

OH DEAR! MY LEGS SEEM TO HAVE FALLEN OFF!



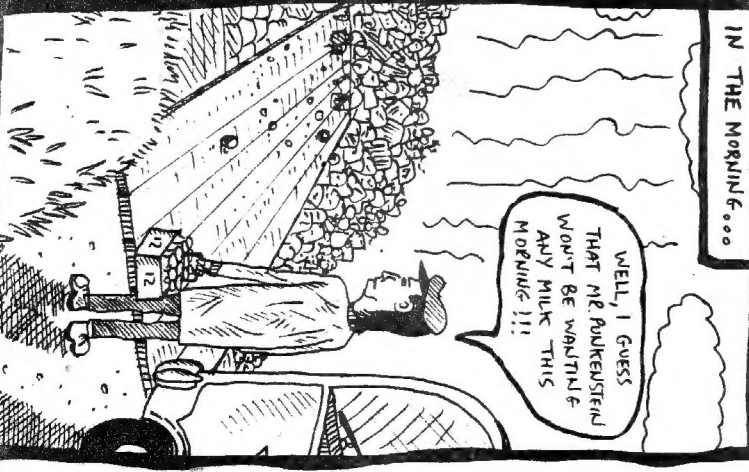
DON'T YOU LOVE ME ANYMORE, DAVID?

LOOK! JUST FURK OFF!!!

YOU'VE NOT DOCKED LETS FOR TEA! YUM!!!

HEY, THAT'S A PRETTY SHIRT THING TO DO!!! NOW I REALLY AM LEGLESS!!!

AAARGH! BUNCHUM... YOU'RE FIRED!



WELL, I GUESS THAT MR. POUKENSTEIN WON'T BE WANTING ANY MILK THIS MORNING!!!

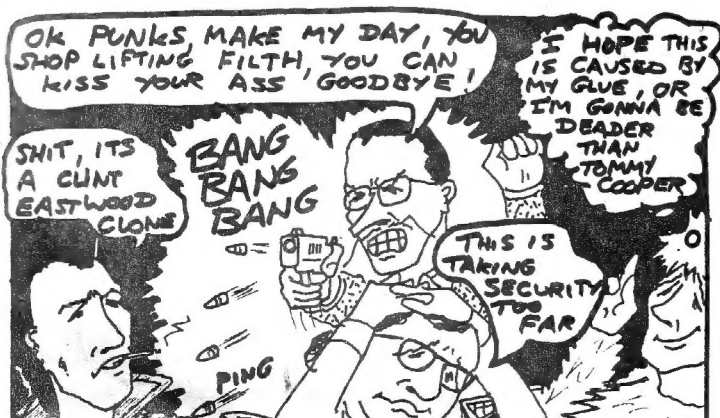
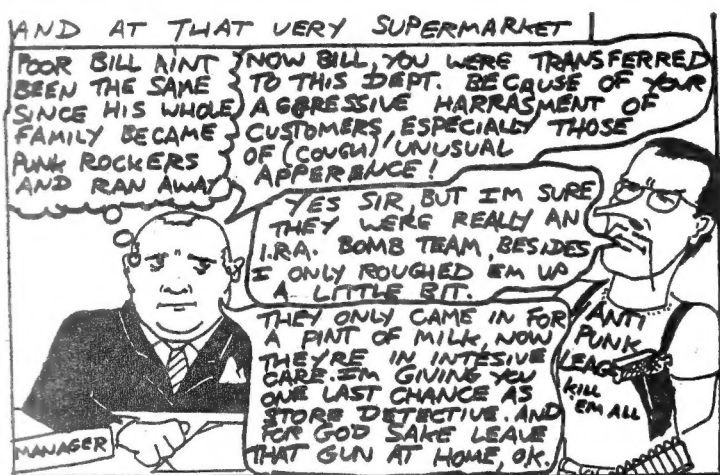
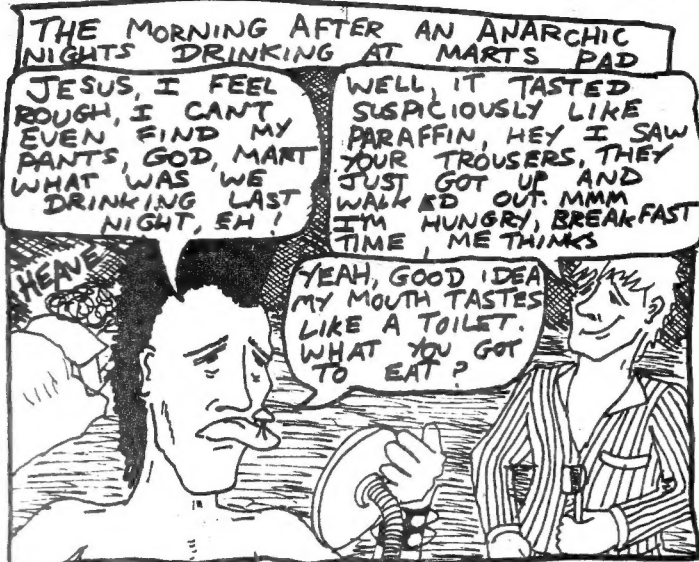


IVOR THE

ANARCHIST

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CREDIT CARD	
SCRIPT	ART
JOHN GREEN	MICK BLADDER



IVOR

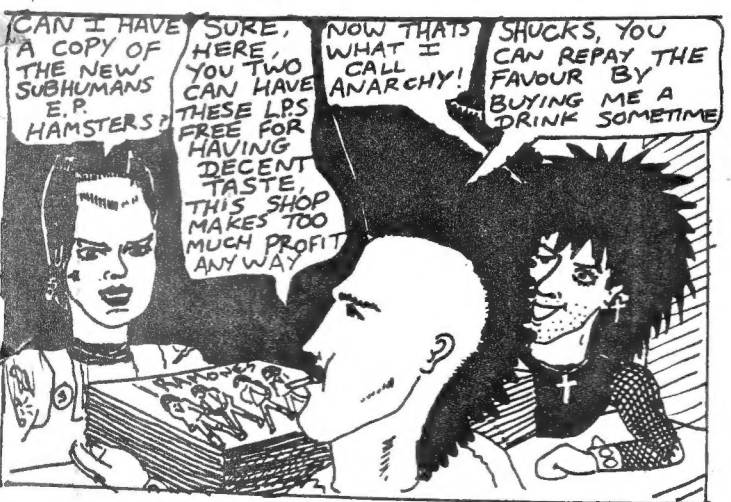
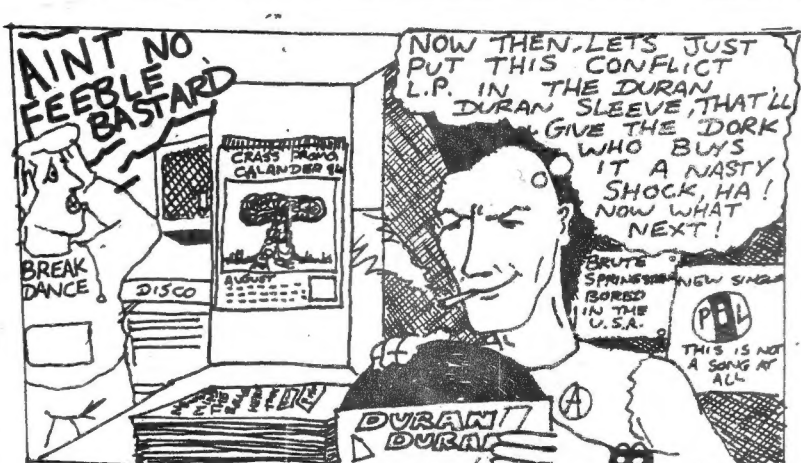
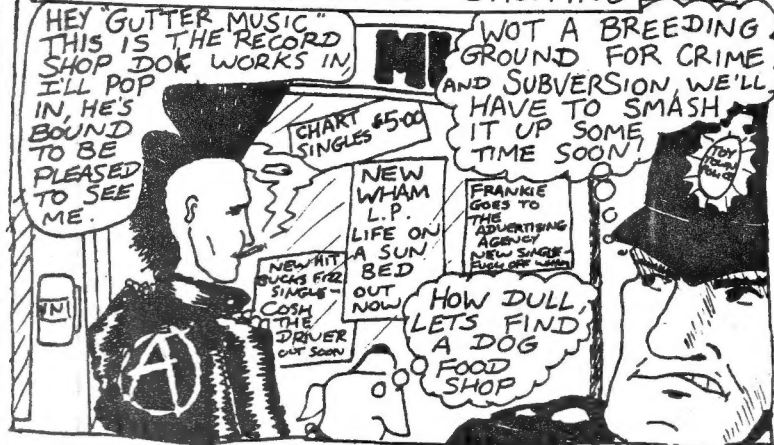
THE ANARCHIST

NO. 22
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CREDIT CARD

SCRIPT	ART
JOHN GREEN	MICK BLADDER

IVORS OUT WINDOW SHOPPING





MOTOTIT

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CREDIT	
SCRIPT	ART
JOHN GREEN	MICK BLADDER

ITS FRIDAY NIGHT AND OUR HERO IS HOME WATCHING EVERYONES FAVORITE T.V. SHOW, E.C.T.!



LATER MART VISTS

